THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 29, 1808.

DESCRIPTION *of* SARAGOSSA.

THIS city presents a magnificent prospect of towers and steeples, and stands in the midst of a plain. Saragossa, or as it is written in Spanish, Zaragoza, the capital of the kingdom of Arragon, and an archbishop's see, is situated on the south or right bank of the river Ebro, in the concave part of a bend of the river, which there forms the segment of a large circle to the northward, so that the buildings along the river are but partially seen, from any one point. The Ebro is large, but navigable in general only for small boats, on account of the many sandbanks in its bed, which frequently change their position. Over the river is a stone bridge of six arches, and about six hundred feet in length, communicating with a suburb on the north side, and a little lower down is a wooden bridge, for foot passengers. The town is above a mile long, by three quarters of a mile in its greatest breadth, and the population is calculated at forty-five thousand.

The old town is still easily distinguished from the new, being an oblong of above half a mile along the river, by one third of a mile in breadth. It is surrounded by ancient walls, with gates in the middle of its four sides, in all of which vestiges of Roman architecture may be traced. The stone bridge over the Ebro leads into the middle of this old town, and in these circumstances it bears some resemblance to the city of London, with its bridge in the midst of the present capital. That part of the old walls which ran along the river is either hidden by modern houses, or entirely removed; on the outside of the three other parts of the old walls, runs a broad open street in the manner of the boulevards of Paris, beyond which the new town spreads in all directions, but chiefly to the westward; the

ground being confined on the south and east by the little river Huerva, which falls into the Ebro at the east end of the town.

The streets of both the old and the new town are tolerably strait, crossing each other at right angles; but they are generally narrow, particularly within the old or Roman town.

Saragossa is very ancient; the present name is a gradual corruption of Cæsaraugusta, a name given to it by Augustus Cæsar, who repaired and beautified a place called Salduba, situated on the same spot. Pliny mentions both towns, saying, "Cæsaraugusta was a free colony on the banks of the Ebro, where formerly stood a town called Salduba." It began in the reign of Augustus to coin money; and many of its coins still remain, commemorating the signal favours it received from that emperor.

Saragossa has undergone so many changes from the various incursions of Goths, Moors, and other foreign nations, that unless it be the remains of the inner walls and gates, no antiquities of Roman times are now to be seen. The churches, palaces, the town-house, the exchange, are, however, well worthy of observation. The town possesses no less than two cathedrals in which divine service is alternately performed by the same chapter; the one is a venerable Gothic building, supported by four rows of clustered pillars; the other is a modern structure of Greek architecture, in the form, not of a cross, but of a parallelogram, about five hundred feet long, by two hundred feet broad. It is built of brick, but the intention was to case it entirely over with some of the valuable marbles with which Spain abounds. The plan was, to erect a square tower at each angle of the parallelogram, a grand dome in the centre, and five other domes towards the east end; a design certainly singular and different from what we see adopted for other Christian churches. The interior is divided by two rows of massy square pillars, ornamented with pilasters. The chief object in erecting this extraordinary structure, was to provide a suitable mansion for the miraculous image of the virgin, there preserved, and celebrated far and wide, in ancient as in modern times, under the designation of "Our lady of the pillar." The origin of this appellation was this, that soon after the ascension of our Saviour, but during the life time of Mary, when St. James the elder was employed in preaching the gospel in Spain, and had yet made but very few converts, the virgin, transported by a choir of angels, passed from Jerusalem to the neighbourhood of Saragossa, and appeared to James, seated on a marble pillar, brought by the angels for the purpose; when encouraging him to continue his apostolic labours, which would ultimately be crowned with success, she directed him to erect a chapel to her honour, and to place in it the pillar on which she sat, for an everlasting memorial of her appearance.

pearance. The virgin was immediately wafted back to Jerusalem, and a chapel was erected at Saragossa by St. James and his eight disciples, (for his converts were not more numerous) in which the sacred pillar was deposited; and this identical pillar it was, which without intermission has been, and still is, venerated in Saragossa.

Under the centre dome of the five on the east end of this new cathedral is erected a magnificent chapel of Greek architecture, and of the most precious marbles the country affords, in the form of a little temple, in the centre of which stands the sacred pillar supporting an ancient image of the virgin, with her infant son, of wood, now as black as ebony. The riches appertaining to this image are beyond calculation; and on account of the miracles performed at this shrine, the resort of pilgrims from distant parts, not only of Spain, but of Europe, is even at this day very great.

This new cathedral was founded in the end of the 17th century, and in 1753, Ferdinand VI. directed the chapel of our lady of the pillar to be constructed; it is probable, however, that this prodigious edifice will not soon be brought to a conclusion.

The ancient castle or fortress on the west side of the town, now converted into barracks for troops, contains several noble halls, part of the palace of the kings of Arragon, enriched with very delicate sculpture and gilding. When Henry VIII. of England married Catharine of Arragon, amongst other presents were sent to him from this castle various arms, particularly swords marked with the boar and dog, and the name of Andrew Ferrara, then a celebrated artist in Saragossa.

In a small open place or square, in the western part of the old town, stands detached from other buildings, an octagonal tower of fourteen feet a side, and thirty-four feet in diameter, by one hundred and forty feet in height; it is constructed of brick like the greater number of buildings in the town, with sundry ornaments, formed by the projection of the bricks in particular places beyond the rest of the walls. The windows appear at a distance to be Gothic, but they are not arched, the gradual contraction at the top being produced by advancing each superior row of bricks a little beyond the inferior row, as is seen in some of the most ancient edifices of Egypt. The inside of this tower contains a stair or ramp, resembling that in St. Mark's tower, at Venice; and the ascent is so gentle, that a man on horseback may mount to the top. The tower is not perpendicular, having a visible bend to one side, in the manner of the famous hanging tower at Pisa; but its deviation from the vertical line is not so considerable as that of the latter building. The date of this tower is 1504; and it is

called the new tower, although its construction be commonly ascribed to the Moors.

In Saragossa is one of those patriotic institutions which first took their rise in Biscay, called *La sociedad de los amigos del pays*, the society of the friends of the country. The object of these institutions, now numerous in Spain, is the general instruction of youth, independently of the established schools and universities of the kingdom; whatever relates to the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and the fine arts, comes within the scope of these excellent institutions, which are maintained partly by grants from the government, and partly by individual subscriptions amongst the more opulent inhabitants of the districts where they are established. To the society of Saragossa, the late king granted one thousand pounds at first, with a yearly revenue of two hundred pounds.

The students at the university of Saragossa, in the year 1769, amounted to nine hundred and seventy six; but this number was much increased in some following years, by the influx of young men from the country, who, to avoid the service of the militia, flocked to the university, under the pretence of devoting themselves to the service of the church. The militia service is in Spain called the quinta, because every fifth man of a community, or district, is obliged to serve, if not attached to the ecclesiastical life, or otherwise legally exempted.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 49.

TO THE EDITOR.

AMONGST the various customs peculiar to the Cornish, their festivity on the eves of Midsummer and St. Peter's-day is not the least interesting; and as I have lately witnessed its celebration, I will endeavour to give you a brief account of it. But my narrative must proceed from mere ocular observation, and not from any knowledge of the cause of the ceremony, or of its intended purposes. You shall hear, however, what the famous historian, Borlase, says of it.

"In Cornwall the festival fires, called bonfires, are kindled on the eves of St. John the Baptist and St. Peter's-day; and Midsummer is thence, in the Cornish tongue, called *Goluan*, which signifies both light and rejoicing. At these fires the Cornish attend with lighted torches, tarred and pitched at the end, and make their perambulations round the fires, going from village to village, and carrying their torches before them; this

this is certainly the remains of Druid superstition; for *faces præferre*, to carry lighted torches, was reckoned a kind of gentilism, and as such particularly prohibited by the Gallic councils; they were, in the eye of the law, *accensores facularum*, and thought to sacrifice to the Devil, and to deserve capital punishment."

From this account we are led to suppose, that, at the time it was written, the custom of making bonfires was general through the county; whereas, at present, I rather think it is confined to the neighbourhood of Mount's-Bay.

The early part of these memorable days is spent by the young men in making torches, procuring fuel for the bonfires, &c. whilst the females are equally busy in forming garlands of flowers, with which they decorate themselves in the evening. As soon as darkness resumes its dreary empire, the bustle commences. The tar-barrel, fixed on a high pole, is lighted, and sends forth a sudden and most luminous flame; and the bonfire beneath it (surrounded by a host of shouting spectators) displays a still more extensive blaze. In an instant, as if by the force of magic, innumerable torches give additional lustre to the scene. These the youths of both sexes wave round them with great dexterity; running, at the same time, in all directions, and performing all sorts of frolics. Nor is there a want of fireworks of a more active, though less durable nature, and of a vast variety, from the imperial rocket, that seems to mingle its glorious scintillations with the stars, down to the noisy squib that vents its undreaded vengeance in the dust.

The semicircular form of Mount's Bay, thus brilliantly illuminated, affords a very grand and interesting spectacle; and particularly so, I should imagine, when beheld from a short distance at sea. As to giving any adequate idea of it through the medium of description, I totally despair; for it is one of those scenes, in which the sublime and beautiful are so admirably united, as to bid defiance to the exertions both of the pencil and the lyre.

After the extinction of the fires, commences the sport of "thread the needle." This is done by many hundreds of people joining hands, and forming a long line, when the two persons at the extremity of one end hold their hands up so as to form an arch (or rather the eye of the needle) through which the leader at the other end (drawing all the rest after him) passes; and then holds up his and his partner's hand in the like manner. And thus they dance through the streets and lanes 'till a late hour.

Upon the whole, these festive evenings prove highly gratifying to all descriptions of people; as well to spectators as performers; and I sincerely hope they will meet a better fate than most of our other good old customs, which are dwindled away almost

almost to nothing. Lamenting, as I really do, my inability to do justice to this subject, I shall reluctantly take leave of it with a copy of verses written on the occasion by your humble servant, in the character of a despairing lover.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

Averse to tumult, and the bustling throng,
'Tis mine to tune my inharmonious song
In sacred solitude; well-pleas'd to stray
Thro' groves impervious to the beams of day,
Or trace the windings of the rifted shore,
And hear old ocean's melancholy roar.
My steps e'en now the printless sands invite,
Ting'd with the last faint gleam of lingering light;
Season well suited! silence doubly dear!
To such as stray, desponding pilgrims, here;
And such am *I*—and such shall ever prove—
'Till fortune smiles propitious on my love.
—But hark! what sounds my startled ear invade?
What sudden radiance dissipates the shade?
Lo! on the pole high lifted—seen afar—
Flames the huge barrel, saturate with tar!
And now the bonfire blazes; and around,
(Dancing like sportive elves on fairy ground)
Exulting youths their circling torches bear,
While shouts of triumph rend the lustrous air.
Heavens! what a scene of splendour! how divine!
How fraught with bliss to every heart—but *mine*;
I, like an outcast from the world, retire,
(Ill fated victim of a *fiercer* fire)
For ne'er can gay festivity delight
The child of sorrow—and the friend of night.
—But let me view yon brilliant spot again,
And mark the fleeting glories of its reign.
Less luminous the fading flames appear,
Less sounds of transport reach my listful ear.
Nought but a lambent erubescence glows—
Nought but a murmur banishes repose.
Silence once more the solemn scene pervades,
And darkness whelms it in Lethean shades.
—Apt emblem of all sublunary things!
The boasted pomp of empires and of kings!
But ah! *no* emblem of *my* hopeless flame,
That (like the sun's) for ever burns the same.

In glancing at what I have written, it appears too short for a number of the Letter-Box; I shall therefore present you a few

few stanzas addressed to Miss T. I——n, on her giving me a full-blown rose. I abominate, Mr. Editor, every ridiculous excuse, which authors think proper to make, in order to set off their works to the best advantage, but I beg to assure you on the honour of a *gemman*, that the following lines are an *extempore* composition.

1.

Such magic dwells in beauty's hand,
That, acting as a fairy wand,
On all that meets its touch,
It gives to trifles sterling weight—
Trifles that, in their pristine state,
Had been despis'd as such.

2.

Had I, amongst the garden's pride,
By chance this full-blown rose espied,
I should have left it there,
As past its prime, and void of worth—
Except to grace its native earth,
And scent the ambient air.

3.

But coming, as it does, from thee,
Sweet Thomasine! fresh charms I see,
Before the gift unknown;
Charms, that might sway at beauty's shrine,
Had not those lovelier cheeks of thine
Already won the crown.

4.

But soon—too soon—this blooming flow'r
Must yield to fate's tyrannic pow'r,
And vanish from my eyes;
Whilst thou (unvaried in thy reign)
Shalt still those angel-charms retain
On earth—or in the *skies*.

Your's, Mr. Editor, &c.

X.

Anecdotes extracted from Harrison's Life of Lord Nelson.

WHEN Lord Nelson was at Hamburgh, on his return to England, a venerable clergyman, apparently between seventy

seventy and eighty years of age, was perceived one morning by his lordship, with a large book under his arm, anxiously looking towards the door of his apartment, with the most expressive solicitude depicted in his countenance. His lordship immediately, with his ever prompt kindness and humanity, desired Mr. Oliver to enquire what was the object of his wish. Having learned that he was the pastor of a place forty miles distant, who had travelled thus far with his parochial Bible, in the first leaf of which he wanted the immortal hero to inscribe his name, his lordship instantly admitted him into his presence, readily complied with his request, and then, taking him kindly by the hand, heartily wished the patriarchal and spiritual shepherd a safe return to his rural flock. The aged and pious minister suddenly dropped on his knee, fervently imploring Heaven to bless his lordship, for so generously condescending to indulge his wish; and solemnly declaring that he should now be happy 'till it pleased God to call him, when he would die contented, having thus done homage to, and obtained favour from, "the saviour of the Christian world."

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Another circumstance, of still greater singularity, occurred at Hamburgh, relative to a wine-merchant. This gentleman, who was likewise more than seventy years of age, and of a very respectable appearance, had requested to speak with Lady Hamilton. Her ladyship, accordingly, condescendingly admitted him to a private audience; when he informed her, through the medium of Mr. Oliver, who interpreted for both parties, that he had some excellent old Rhenish wine, of the vintage of 1625, and which had been in his own possession more than fifty years. This, he said, had been preserved for some very extraordinary occasion; and one had now arrived, far beyond any he could ever have expected. In short, he flattered himself that, by the kind recommendation of her ladyship, the great and glorious Lord Nelson might be prevailed on to accept six dozen bottles of this incomparable wine; part of which, he observed, would then have the honour to flow with the heart's blood of that immortal hero; a reflection which could not fail to render himself the most fortunate man in existence, during the remainder of his days. His lordship, being informed of these curious particulars, immediately came into the apartment, and took the old gentleman kindly by the hand, but politely declined his present. He was, however, finally persuaded to accept of six bottles, on condition that the worthy wine-merchant should dine with him next day. This being readily agreed, a dozen bottles were sent; and his lordship, jocosely remarking that he yet hoped to have half a dozen more great victories, protested he would keep six bottles of his Hamburgh friend's wine, purposely to drink a bottle

after each. This his lordship did not fail to remember, on coming home after the battle of Copenhagen, when he "devoutedly drank the donor." It is said, that this wine-merchant, soon after Lord Nelson had first taken him by the hand, happening to meet with an old friend, who was about to salute him in a similar way, immediately declined the intended kindness, and said he could not suffer any person to touch the hand which had been so highly honoured by receiving that of Lord Nelson. Certain it is, that this man felt so overcome by his excessive sensibility, that he literally shed tears of joy during the whole time he was in our hero's presence.

The Speech of the Rev. Mr. Radford, of Lapford, delivered August 11, 1808, *at the Castle of Exeter, at the County Meeting assembled there for the Purpose of Voting an Address of Thanks to his Majesty, for the Assistance afforded to the glorious Cause of the Spaniards.*

IN a fine strain of manly eloquence he addressed the meeting in nearly the following words:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Actuated by the purest of motives, the good of my country, I am induced to offer those remarks for your consideration, which reflection has suggested to my mind as applicable to the present critical state of affairs; and as a humble tribute due to the address we have just heard, which is justly entitled to the approbation and support it has received. But it is not sufficient that we approve and shew our sense of what is laudable and praiseworthy, we should attest and confirm our conviction by some adequate corresponding act and performance. That man but imperfectly discharges the duties of a loyal subject and good citizen who makes professions truly great and patriotic, but forgets or delays the carrying them into execution; that there should be an occasion for observations like these is no less a matter of regret than notoriety. It cannot have escaped the recollection of the gentlemen here present, that, about two years since, in this very place, and on a similar occasion, a noble lord, to whom the honour and the interests of this county are more immediately entrusted, no child of prejudice, no tool of party, in language equally worthy the scholar and the patriot, evinced the propriety and enforced the necessity of rallying round the throne of our beloved sovereign, and of setting bounds to the ambition of a daring, unprincipled tyrant, who threatened alike our liberties, our laws, and our religion.

Such an appeal and such an occasion seemed to rouse every latent, every generous feeling in our bosoms; and addresses from this and every other part of the kingdom crowded to the foot of the British throne, proclaiming, with all the energy that words could give, their readiness, their determination to support, with their fortunes and their lives, the inestimable blessings purchased by the blood and secured by the wisdom of our great forefathers. Europe, in grateful transport, heard the loyal, the patriotic promise, and in Old England's safety fondly hoped her own. Vain delusive dream! How different, how dreadfully different the sad reality! Behold her humbled, more than humbled, shamefully disgraced, meanly hugging the very chains her haughty conquéror has forced upon her! England, insulted, threatened, banished as it were, and proscribed; cut off and denied all intercourse with the civilized world; our friends and our allies become our enemies, joined with the common oppressor, who now unites their different force and resources with his own, to carry into execution his avowed intentions of sweeping those proud islanders (as he terms us) from the face of the earth. Good God! are these the fruits, this the result of all the vaunted wisdom, the declared abilities of this enlightened nation? Shall we attribute our present truly alarming unexampled state to the super-eminent abilities, the resistless prowess of that man, who, of late, and scarcely now ceases to rule, proudly, lord paramount from one end of continental Europe to the other? No! we need not exaggerate or magnify those qualifications, which, as a general, and a statesman, he certainly possesses, to find just reason for his triumphs, or plausible apologies for our own miscarriages. The causes, the histories of these events, may be comprised in a few words; bold designs and strenuous exertions have nearly obtained for him the object of his wishes, universal empire; weak measures and divided councils have nearly lost us, what alone can render our existence desirable, our character as a nation, our independence as a free people.

Where was the wonted spirit of Englishmen, that high souled sense of honour, that, prodigal of gold and life, so often led our great forefathers in the foremost ranks of danger, to tear from a tyrant's grasp the threatened liberties of others; and, by the generous deed, more firmly fix their own? Where, I say, shall we look for it? when our allies, over-matched in number, still kept victory doubtful, for months together, on the bloody plains of Poland, and in the hard-fought field of Eylau, taught Bonaparte himself to tremble. Shall we trace it in the ten per cent. wrung alike, but with unequal pressure, from the rich miser's usurious heap, and from the scanty patrimonial fund that barely serves to keep its wretched owner from parochial aid? or shall we view it in the long expected

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reinforcements withheld from Russia and the common cause, then boast it was not promised? Perdition seize the selfish, parsimonious, policy! the bane of Europe's better hopes, and of this nation's honour! The child that is unborn shall live to curse the mean, the ungenerous subterfuge, and wish, in vain, with tears of blood, to blot it from the page of history.

These are no hasty undigested ebullitions of party prejudice, but the unbiassed voice of truth, the language of conviction. I have not, nor will I, designedly, excite the acrimony, or call forth the virulent retort of those whose sentiments on politics may be less temperate, less impartial, than I conceive my own to be; the intentions of the present meeting have other views, and it is devoutly to be wished will have other consequences than party zeal or party clamour. Crimination and recrimination will not, here, at least I trust, disgrace and disappoint its nobler purposes; let happier times, and more deliberate councils, assume the privilege, and discharge the duties of investigating the causes, and punishing the authors of our present dangers. Be our's the great, the generous effect to remove them! and may the result of past errors teach us the wisdom of a better conduct!

Our country and our king have long had those promises, of which they now need and require the performance; and I feel a more than hope, a well-grounded confidence, that the great example afforded us by the Spanish nation will kindle the generous flame, not only among the inhabitants of this county, but in the breast of every man that glories in the name of Briton, and teach our disappointed enemy, how cheerless the prospect, how vain the endeavour to conquer or enslave two powerful nations, united as one man in the indissoluble bond of loyalty and patriotism. Common is our danger, common must be our exertions! no selfish, meanly parsimonious, half-reluctant, half-extorted measures; but assistance, prompt, grand, and decisive, worthy a nation of patriots to receive, worthy a nation of patriots to bestow. When, however, we consider, that whether a Pitt, a Fox, or a Grenville, men more or less eminently qualified to direct the affairs, and apply the resources of a mighty empire; when, I say, we consider, that that energy and precision, has been no less frequently and eloquently recommended, than imperfectly pursued, in their different administrations, it would be unfair to expect from the present men, what their predecessors were incapable of effecting. Whatever were the merits or demerits of other administrations, I mean not, by any invidious comparison, to ascribe infallibility to the present. Attached to no particular party, I have endeavoured to think impartially; and I feel perfectly satisfied, that the public disappointment, at least in some cases, is not to be attributed so much to any mismanagement, or want of abili-

ties, as in a something inherent in the constitution itself; nor do I conceive that it requires a laboured conclusion, drawn from a long deduction of intricate reasoning, to set this in a fair light; and with deference, it is presumed, is not irrevelant to our present purposes.

It is an old saying, the truth of which has never been disputed, that nothing merely human is capable of arriving at absolute perfection. To expect, therefore, from the learning and abilities of finite capacities, what infinite wisdom is alone capable of bestowing, would be equally unreasonable and absurd; the experience of every age has clearly shewn, that the most perfect models of government, handed down by ancient, or exhibited in more modern times, however admirable in their general structure and leading principles, are more or less defective, when applied to particular times and circumstances; perhaps no form of government, ever did, or ever will exist, which is better calculated to establish and secure the general happiness and prosperity of a nation, than our own; we may justly deem it, the boast—the honour—the palladium of Englishmen—the wonder, the admiration of the world! still, however, as applicable to particular cases, its inferiority must be acknowledged, when compared with other systems, whose general excellence and utility admit of no comparison; that wisdom which formed our present inestimable constitution had not to learn that certain energies resulting from despotic were not attainable in a more restricted form of government.

The history of their own, as well as of ancient times, had given striking proofs what the unrestrained abilities of an Henry, or an Edward, as well as a Cæsar could effect. Dear bought experience had, however, convinced them that the best of minds were not proof against the seductive influence of power; and that the liberty of the subject had invariably been made subservient to the views of self glory and personal aggrandizement; they, therefore, wisely adopted our present plan, in which far from being the slaves of power, the sovereign and his subjects possess their respective rights, and like the ocean that surrounds them have their bounds, which though they rage and swell they cannot pass; with this generally salutary, though partially defective, restriction, the executive powers of these kingdoms must ever feel a certain deficiency and comparative inferiority when contending in arms with such as the present gigantic power of France, committed to the unrestrained direction of a man possessing abilities equal or superior to any that ancient or modern times have produced. The present situation of his affairs requires all his exertions, all the immense resources which he possesses; equal must be our endeavours, or I scruple not to say, that we shall ultimately sink unequal in the contest,

I am disposed to think that the present administration are duly sensible of the very critical situation of affairs, and are equally willing and desirous to improve the present favourable opportunity; and I shall most cordially support any address that may do justice to their good intentions and exertions. We must not, however, expect from them impossibilities; the present contest and crisis of affairs require that the great and undivided resources and physical strength of the country, should be immediately called into action, clogged by no constitutional jealousies, thwarted by no determined prejudice of party; the whole of the nation, by one great and united effort, must perform, what one part of it, the executive alone, is incapable of effecting; for this purpose I recommend, with sentiments of deference, not unmixed with confidence, as an example to be copied by every other part of the kingdom, that the present address not only convey our professions of loyalty and support, but those professions carried into execution.

Let each of us, according to our respective abilities, ennoble our names with the golden oblation, we are prepared to make on the altar of our country; a glorious earnest of that effectual determined support that may be expected from a nation of patriots! Then Bonaparte shall that throne which thou hast erected on the sufferings and cemented with the blood of an enslaved people, totter to its very foundation; and those unhappy countries groaning under the pressure of thy iron sceptre, shall in the great, the generous efforts of Old England, hail the dawn of their deliverance, the certain presage of thy disgrace! To give more immediate effect to this desirable event, I submit to your superior judgments the propriety of appointing a committee of the most respectable and leading men of the county, who may receive the patriotic subscriptions, and, with the approbation and direction of government, adopt such measures as in their wisdom may appear best calculated to answer the intended purposes; let the resolutions entered into at this meeting be printed, and with suitable addresses and invitations to the different clergymen, to copy and enforce the great example in their respective parishes, that no man, however low his rank, however mean his condition, may be denied the glorious privilege of benefiting his country!

The widow's chearful mite shall call a blessing down upon the larger gift of her more wealthy neighbour; the hardy peasant and ingenious artisan, in adding to the general stock the little savings of his industry, with honest pride shall emulate the bright example of his master; and, smiling, shew how sweet it is to labour for the public good. Yes, Sirs! let us all, high or low, rich and poor, with heart and hand, assist in this great, this momentous struggle, and a glorious work shall soon be accomplished! Peace and plenty shall again return to this

happy

happy country, gilding with joy and splendour the evening of our gracious monarch's reign; and we, the no unworthy descendants of our immortal ancestors, shall live in the memory of after ages, and a grateful posterity, as the saviours of our country, the restorers of the liberties of Europe.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

SUMMER ASSIZES.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

NISI PRIUS SIDE.

PARKER *v.* THE OVERSEERS OF WOBURN PARISH.

THIS was a case of importance as it affects casual poor. The plaintiff is a surgeon, and the action was brought to recover a sum of money for the cure of a compound fracture. The driver of the Chester mail was overturned at Woburn in March, 1807, and had his arm broken. The plaintiff was called in, and attended him fourteen weeks, and saved the arm from amputation, though the party will never again have the free use of it. The question therefore in the case is, whether Parker, the driver, was a casualty poor person, entitled to relief at the time the accident happened, and whether, in order to fix the parish, the surgeon was not bound to have communicated the facts to the overseers, in order to enable them to call upon the parish the pauper belonged to, to get reimbursed? The plaintiff's own witnesses proved that Parker, during his illness, received from his friends upwards of 67l. and it was contended on behalf of the defendants that he did not come under the character and denomination of a pauper. Upon this the jury found for the defendant, though there was little doubt, had he been destitute of sufficient support, the action would have been maintainable in law as against the overseers.

LEWES, SUSSEX,

August 16.

HERPEN *v.* LUFF.

This was an action to recover a penalty for a breach of the game laws. The action was founded on the statute of the 9th of Anne, cap. 25, sect. 2, which gives a penalty against any unqualified person having game in his possession, and makes the mere having of it evidence of an exposure to sale. Mr.

Courthorpe having stated the law, next produced evidence of the fact, which was proved by two gamekeepers as follows:—That being on the watch early in the morning, they heard the screams of a hare, upon which they looked about and discovered a hare in a trap, not far from the cottage of the defendant; they lay in wait, expecting that the person who set the trap would come and see what it produced; they saw the defendant come to the trap and take the hare out; upon this they came out of their concealment, but the defendant seeing them, threw the hare away, and denied that he had had any; they, however, found the hare at a little distance from him.

The learned judge, on referring to the act, declared he did not wish to extend the game laws, but the words were so very positive, that he did not know how to get over them. It in express terms made all possession of game by an unqualified person an exposure to sale.

The jury found the defendant Guilty.

ANECDOTES *of* JULIEN LE ROY,

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH WATCH-MAKER.

HE was born at Tours in 1686, and died at Paris in 1759. He had scarcely attained his twelfth year when his taste for clock and watch-work appeared. He read all books with avidity, treating of mechanics and natural philosophy. At thirteen he constructed some small pieces of clock-work, and devoted a part of the night to improve his studies. At 17 he went to Paris, and in 1713, he was admitted into the watch-makers company there.

After this he soon became celebrated, not only for the excellence, but also for the quickness of the execution of his work, which appeared almost incredible. Le Roy was the first Frenchman whose watches found a market in preference to the English. Among his principal discoveries, which enabled him to obtain this pre-eminence, it is only necessary to enumerate his repeating clocks and watches; his improved seconds and horizontal clocks; his universal compass card with a sight; an useful and simple contrivance for drawing a meridian line, and finding the declination of the needle; his clocks and watches of three parts; and his new universal horizontal dial. He also found out the method of compensating for the effects of heat and cold in the balances of chronometers, by the unequal expansion of different metals, a discovery which English artists have brought to a state of almost incredible perfection, though it had been condemned and thrown aside by Pierre Le Roy, jun.

The

The celebrated Graham, when one of Le Roy's repeaters had been shown to him by Lord Hamilton, after examining it for some time, said, "I could wish I were younger, that I might work from this model." This tribute then rendered him by the first watch-maker in Europe, was soon after paid him by every artist who had arrived at any degree of excellence; and the general eagerness to obtain his watches became so great that the watch-makers of Geneva put his name upon the common watches made there, in lieu of those of Tompion and Graham.

He was so much esteemed in his own country, that in 1739 he had apartments in the gallery of the Louvre, as clock and watch-maker to the king. "Never," says his son, "was any one more accessible, more communicative, or more prodigal of his knowledge. He took as much pains to expose his art as the English took at first to hide their's." As a general friend to the trade, the son then asks, "Can we be astonished at the concourse of workmen who followed his funeral?" Julien Le Roy was very intimate with Henry Sully, and when the watch-manufactories of Versailles and St. Germain were broken up, Sully tried to persuade his friend to accept a pension from the English ambassador, and go and reside in London; but he never would consent to carry his discoveries out of his own country, or to expatriate himself.

When Sully died in 1728, Le Roy was pressed to solicit the pension promised him from the king by Cardinal Fleury, but he constantly refused it, because Madame Sully had requested the king to continue it to her. It is to Le Roy we are indebted for the little that is known of Sully's life. Le Roy undertook the re-printing of one of Sully's works, and enriched it with every thing that could recommend it. He would not mix his own subjects with Sully's, but printed a part of his memoirs at the conclusion of his *Regle artificielle du Temps.*

Of this eminent man, a celebrated journalist used this expression, "that to him was given the art of chaining down time, and forcing matter to represent, with the utmost precision, the rapid flight of our years." The king honoured Le Roy's death with his regret. By his marriage with Jane de Lafons, he left four sons, who all distinguished themselves. Peter Le Roy, the eldest, succeeded his father as clock and watch-maker to the king, and was the inventor of the marine watches. John was a member of the royal academy of sciences. Julian David was a professor in the royal academy of architecture, and was author of the Ruins of Greece. Charles Le Roy was of the royal academy of Montpellier; was also professor of medicine in the university of that city.

Voltaire, it is said, called one day on Pierre Le Roy, the son, when the conversation happening to turn upon the father's im-

provement in watch and clock-work; after Le Roy had expatiated on them for some time, Voltaire replied, "Yes, yes; my friend Marshal Saxe, and your father, have beat the English."

An ANECDOTE.

THE mirth and good-humour natural to the gallant Sir Roger Curtis frequently lead him into many pleasant adventures. Having received orders, while in London, to take the command of a squadron, and hoist his flag on board the Formidable, at Portsmouth, he travelled, for dispatch, without servants, plainly dressed, in the mail-coach. As it frequently happens in this sort of conveyance, the passengers were unknown to each other, and Sir Roger found himself in company with a young man, who proved, by his uniform, to be a mate of one of the East-Indiamen then lying at the Motherbank. When they had proceeded within a few miles of Petersfield, the young officer pulled out some cheese and bread from a bundle, and invited his fellow-travellers to eat. During their repast he entertained them with sea phrases, which induced the admiral jocosely to ask him many simple questions relating to nautical tactics; among others, he demanded how sailors could see at night, and whether they were not compelled to tie the ship to a post or tree, until morning? The mate was not backward in bestowing a few hearty d—ns upon the ignorance and lubberly lingo of the admiral, who laughed heartily at the joke; and he not only bore the rough observations of the sailor with good humour, but the contemptuous grins of his fellow-passengers.

On their arrival at Portsmouth, the admiral shook hands with the mate, and went on board his ship. The same day Sir Roger came on shore in his broad gold-laced hat and uniform; he was attended by several of his bargemen, and while walking up Point-street, he met his late fellow passenger, the mate of the Indiaman. Before the latter could recover from his surprize, Sir Roger accosted him with, "What cheer, messmate; you see I am not the lubber you took me for; but come, as I breakfasted out of your locker this morning, you shall splice the main-brace with me this evening, then you may square your yards, and run before the wind to the Motherbank."

The mate, with astonishment, apologized, as well as he was able, for the liberty he had taken with the admiral, who soon released him from his embarrassment, and advised him, over a bottle, never to be decoyed, in future, by false colours, but to look sharply at the mould and trim of every vessel he met, before he suffered her to surprize him.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, Bridgewater, to J. Prinn's Charade, inserted July 4.

OUR heroes oft strike some decisive blow,
And nobly triumph o'er Britannia's foe,
We then with gratitude, and hearts elate,
Their glorious deeds with FIRE-WORK celebrate.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Osborn, Typographus, and J. Saunders, of Exeter; Mary Davis, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Frederick Arden, of South Petherton; W. G. of Gittisham; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. B. of Exmouth; R. Withall, of Plymouth; and Philo Musæus, of Yeovil.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted July 4.

AMONG the wonders of the deep,
Where billows roar, and whirlwinds sweep,
The great LEVIATHAN behold,
In sacred scripture nam'd of old.

*** Similar answers have been received from John Woodman, of North-Curry; J. Osborn, J. Saunders, and Typographus, of Exeter; Mary Davis, J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. G. of Gittisham; T. Pearse, of Chard; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; R. Withiall; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; and G. Oades, and J. Medland, of Knackershole.

Answer, by F. Arden, of South Petherton, to J. Melhuish's Rebus, inserted July 4.

TO answer your rebus I now, Sir, will venture,
The contract you mean I believe's an INDENTURE

*** Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, of Chard; Typographus, J. Saunders, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, and John Trood, of Bridgewater; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. Petherick; Hester Easter, of Poole; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

MY first upon a living creature grows;
To find my next a metal, gents. transpose;
A well-known bitter herb must next appear,
Which, when transpos'd, must follow in the rear;
Without my whole, which you'll excuse my telling,
A house would be a miserable dwelling.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne.*

INGENIOUS youths, my first to name,
A lofty tree select;
Then for my second to explain,
A liquid bards detect;

Long may my third triumphant ride,
O'er Neptune's wide domain,
My sov'reign last, to Gallic pride
Exclaims, "Behold, I reign!"

Connect these parts, ye youths of fame,
One of fair Flora's train you'll name.

POETRY.

IBERIA's WAR SONG.

Written by FRANCIS ARMSTRONG, *Esq.*

ADDRESSED TO EVERY GENEROUS BRITON.

Air—" Rule Britannia."

ALOFT th' Iberian eagles tower,
Their fearless chieftains lead them on,
To face the scourge of Europe's power—
The tyrant-fiend, Napoleon.
Rouse, Britannia, and aid the patriot band,
To save and free their native land.

Silent the gathering hosts advance,
'Till shouts of battle strike the ear;
And quick the martial sons of France
In columns dark and deep appear.
On to the battle, fight, Oh patriot band!
To save and free your native land.

Now deadly volleying thunder flies,
And charging squadrons furious meet;
Whilst many a gallant warrior dies—
Crush'd 'neath the madd'ning charger's feet.
Fight, brave Iberians; fight, Oh patriot band!
The stake's your much-lov'd native land.

Souls of the brave, in battle ye
May leave your bloody, mould'ring clay;
But still triumphant ye shall be,
And live in Heaven's eternal day.
Die, gallant patriots, if 'tis Heaven's command,
To save and free your native land.

Oh! for some great Iberian name,
Which might with glorious Nelson vie!
Rival on earth his deathless fame,
And live in immortality!
Rouse, British sailors, think of his last command,
Who died to save your native land.

Oh! for that sword of living fire,
Which, blazing in the van of fight,
The seraph, arm'd with heavenly ire,
Flash'd 'gainst the madd'ning fiends of night!
Rouse, British soldiers, at your king's command,
The watch-word, " victory" on Spanish land.

That sword, with glittering force, shall beam
'Gainst him, the foe of human kind,
Who dares indulge th' insensate dream
To crush each noble, freeborn mind.
Rouse, Britons all, in union, heart and hand,
As brothers hail th' Iberian band.

Rise then, ye prostrate nations, all;
Break, burst your bands, and dare be free;

Lise

List to an injur'd people's call!
List to the voice of liberty!
Rouse, nations all! one firm, determin'd band,
To arms, and free each native land.

As slumb'ring in fierce Etna's womb,
At last out bursts the liquid fire,
Thus shall the tyrant meet his doom,
And 'neath all nature's curse expire;
Rejoice, Oh world! when such is Heaven's command,
Peace on the sea, and liberty on land.

Then, when the fearful whirlwind's past,
And genial peace returns again,
Each heart shall bless, nor least, nor last,
The daring, dauntless sons of Spain.
Rouse, generous Britons, aid the patriot band,
To save the world, and save their native land!

THE BRITISH OAK.

WHEN vegetation, from the new-form'd earth,
Call'd forth her first green progeny, to thee
She gave distinguish'd eminence of birth—
She mark'd thee for the forest's kingly tree.

Thou canst not brook the clime where tyrants reign,
And cringing slaves unmanly homage pay;
Still at the sight of loath'd oppression's chain,
Thy verdure sickens, and thy nerves decay.

But in the land where liberty and law
Their blended influence happily unite;
Where justice keeps enormity in awe,
And weighs with equal beam the wrong and right;

There thou delight'st to fix thy stable seat;
Luxuriant there thy native honours spread;
The muses consecrate the lov'd retreat,
And taste and genius round it lustre shed.

Then near thy green head to the summer gale,
And all thy towering branches proudly wave;
For 'till the pow'rs of vegetation fail,
No tyrant freedom's fav'rite shall enslave.

SAILOR.

SONNET.

OH! how I love at even's tranquil hour,
Beneath some venerable oak reclin'd,
To yield my heart to contemplation's power,
By groveling thoughts unfetter'd, unconfin'd;
To feel that calm, that sabbath, of the soul,
So far exceeding all the world's frail charms;
And whilst unheard strife's troubled waters roll,
Fomenting care, disquiet, and alarms,
To see how nature, undisturb'd and still,
Amid the general discord, smiles serene
On man her creature, whose licentious will
Disturbs the beauties of so fair a scene;
Or bids them flourish to his care-fraught eye,
As unperceiv'd, or mere deformity!

H. R. W.